



IMPACT COMICS

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THE SHIELD
HAS 30
SECONDS
TO PREVENT
BOOMSBAY

MAKE
THAT 29
SECONDS

ROBERTO
RAID
GUESADA
WOLFEKIEWICZ
PALMIOTTI

DE GRADINO

CRUCIBLE

THE FINAL IMPACT

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CHAPTER THREE: WITH FRIENDS LIKE THESE

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:

Following a clue left him by the enigmatic Tomorrow Men, the Block Hood tracked the long-missing Comet to Crown's Point. There, the Block Hood found an all-star infielder named Jay Cole.

Convinced that Cole was the Comet in disguise, the Block Hood tried first to kill Cole to prevent the Comet from becoming a deadly threat to all mankind. The Block Hood could not go through with it, and, desperate for another solution, he tried to awaken the long-dormant Comet persona, which was submerged deep within Jay Cole. The Block Hood succeeded, and a furious Comet nearly vaporized him before jetting off to the Kettering Nuclear Facility in Jamesburg. Here the crisis looms as the Comet hopes to end his suffering forever...

IMPACT
COMICS

MELTDOWN IMMINENT

Everyone thought the Converter was about to explode. Even though the Converter himself is scared shit.

After emitting an incredible amount of energy and frequency, the one thing here has melted out his pants and underwear and now he's in a new state of dress.

Until I made his underwear pretty smart, people are there in great control that he'll look like the Converter and continue from playing a nuclear dumping field into his chest to end it all for real.

The Converter is a lump of radioactive, smothering energy, burning that right off him. It could also make a meltdown to make himself look like a kitchen grease fire.

Really, though, this was exactly the sort of crap I was trying to prevent.

WEEEEEE-OOOOOOOOOP

WUEEEEE-OOOOOOOOOP

WUEEEEE-OOOOOOOOOP

WUEEEEE-OOOOOOOOOP

THE
REASON THE
REACTOR CORE MELTDOWN
WAS SO BAD WAS BECAUSE
THE REACTOR WAS
LOW-POWER
OPERATING.

Considering the message, that issue of elbow was exceptionally calm...
If I asked to search anyone else this infernal!

I, on the other hand, was right inside in the matter of it.

For my sake, I had to be there today.

Of course, I had my own little idea of what I was going to do to stop a being Converter from getting himself.

MELTDOWN IMMINENT

THEY'RE GOING TO BLOW UP THE PLANT! WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE NOW!

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THEY'RE GOING TO BLOW UP THE PLANT! WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE NOW!



PLEASE LEAVE EARLY FROM THE CHAIRS. WE WILL STABILIZE THIS SITUATION.

WE ARE IN CONTROL HERE. PLEASE LEAVE FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY.

They were Web Centurions, metal bully-bugs for hire—the nuclear plant must've had them on retainer for special security.

SYSTEM IN CRITICAL MELTDOWN. EVACUATE.

POW! POW!

COMMERCIAL CONTAINMENT.

THOOOOP
THOOOOP

They set up a damping field to contain any errant radiation...and any errant nuclear super-heroes! They were prepared for anything.

THUNDERCRASH!

Not too surprising when you consider that they work for the know-it-all Tomorrow Men. I worked for the same guys. I suppose, but I hoped it wouldn't come up...

...at least not until the Comet cooled down.

SPLOOSH

WE REQUESTED YOUR DEPARTURE, SIR, FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.

WHAP

At least they were thoughtful and polite about kicking my butt.



I'M SICK
AND TIRED
OF THESE
INTERUPTIONS...
LEAVE ME
ALONE!



Terrific. The
Centurions had
overriden a
nuclear
nightmare,
but Comet was
still planning
suicide!



I JUST WANT
EVERYTHING TO
BE... OVER!

Comet was bound and
determined to pull the
trigger... what could I do?
What could anyone do?



KA ZAKKK

NOW
WHO'S...
IN
NOW!





I had heard of the Shield, of course, but I thought had gone missing along with the other Crusaders years ago. It had to be a new guy in the armor...a guy who really knew his business.



Oh, yeah, this was a brand-new guy, all right, with brand-new tricks up his sleeve.

He took out the robo-clops (as they were called).

In all the excitement I managed to forget about...



I was never right!

PHOOOOOORRRRT!

YOU'RE
DEALING
WITH ME,
BAG-HEAD!

KRASH

YOU JUST
COULDN'T LEAVE
WELL ENOUGH
ALONE,
COULD YOU?

JUST COULDN'T LET
ME STAY DECENT!
NOW WE'RE ALL
GONNA GO
WEEBIE THIN!

ZHOOOOOOSH

KRAASSHH

ALL RIGHT CENTURIONS,
PREPARE. I MAY HAVE
LOST THE COMET, BUT
I'M TAKING YOU TWO IN
FOR GLUTTONY.

YOU KNOW
HOW GUYS ARE
GETTING A REAL RIF
FOR TREASURE.

ZZHAKKK

OUR CONTRACT
HERE
IS FULFILLED.

MMMMMMMMMM

SHIELD TO BANG,
THINGS HAVE NOT
GONE WELL HERE.

RETURN
FOR DEBRIEF
BOOTS
OFFENSE...

GUYS,
GET THE
COFFEE
READY.

SCHREEEEEE

REEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

THWINK



WE HAVE A LOT TO TALK ABOUT - I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!





COMET
ESCAPED - SORRY
THE REE GOT IN
THE WAY

BUT IF IT'S ANY
CONSOLATION YOUR
SUPERCONDUCTOR
IMPROVEMENTS TO MY
ARMOR WOULD
LIKE A BREAK
MR. JORDAN

THAT'S
GREAT NEWS
SON, I'M
PROUD TO
HELP



I JUST
HEARD THE
MISSION WAS A
SUCC?

THIS
IS NOT THE
BEST OF RESULTS
THE GOVERNMENT
IS TRYING
WILL GOING
FORTH

AND THERE'S A
DEAR, AFTER THAT
HERE INFORMATION
CONFERENCES



THE REE
... AND I
DEAR
THEIR

WONDERFUL
BUT THEY
WERE NOT YOUR
ASSIGNMENT



MICHAEL HAS ALWAYS GIVEN HIS
STRONGEST IN OUR COUNTRY'S
SERVICE. I HOPE YOU CAN
REMEMBER THAT, MR. JORDAN.

SINCE I'M JUST AN
ADVISER HERE, I WOULD
HATE TO ADVISE BY
REPEATING THE PRESIDENT
THAT HE NEEDS A MORE
COMPARABLE
MAN AT THIS HELP.



DON'T YOU WORRY
ABOUT THIS 10-10
GON. I THINK YOU
DID A GREAT JOB.

THAT'S A REAL HONOR,
THANK YOU, SIR, I COULDN'T
HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT YOU.

THAT'S MY
HONOR, SON.

NOW GET
HOME TO THAT
GREAT FAMILY OF
YOURS. WE'LL
WORRY ABOUT
THE COMET
LATER

YES SIR,
THANK
YOU, SIR

THE CRUCIBLE, COMPOSED
BY THE TIME STREAM.

THEY ARE TOGETHER
GOOD. THE PLAN
PROCEEDS SMOOTHLY.

FROM THE DAY
WE DISCOVERED
THIS PLACE, I KNEW WE
WOULD PROFIT FROM THE
CRUCIBLE'S ARCADE
TECHNOLOGY.

BY LIVING
SEVERAL THOUSAND
IN THE ARCADE, AND
MANIPULATING EVENTS
BETWEEN THEM, AND THING
WE'VE MADE OURSELVES
WEALTHY AND
POWERFUL.

STILL,
I'M STARTING TO
THINK WE SHOULD
NEVER HAVE LOOKED
INTO THE FUTURE.
ARCADE WITH TIME
IS TOO BLASTED
DANGEROUS!

AND NOW
THAT THE CRUCIBLE
IS RUNNING OUT OF
POWER, WE'RE ALL
IN DANGER. I

NOT ENTE

WONDER? WHEN
THE BLACK HOOD—
OUR UNDESIRABLE
ALLY—REBELS THE
COURT TO US, ALL
OUR TROUBLES
WILL BE OVER.

LET'S BE
AROUND
HERE WHEN
OUR TROUBLES
ARE ONLY GETTING
WORSE.

YOUR BLASTED
PLAN IS MOVING
TOO SLOWLY!

HONORING
USERS, WE HAVE
TO BE ARROGANT
AND LET THEM
FOLLOW THEIR
PROPER COURSE.

WE CAN'T GO
CHARGING ABOUT LIKE
RASCALS WHEN WE
HAVE TO TIGHTEN
IT UP!

I DON'T SEE
THAT WE HAVE MUCH
CHOICE BUT TO STAY
WITH THE PLAN, AND
HOPE WE CAN REVERSE
THE CRUCIBLE'S
UNDERGROUND.

I'M WITH YOU,
BUT WE NEED
MORE SOLUTIONS,
QUICKLY!

WE'VE ALREADY
GOT MARCOUS AND
O'BRIEN TO FORM
ALLIANCE. WE CAN'T
AFFORD ANY MORE
ORIGINALITY!





HOW CAN YOU
ALL BE SO CALM?
WE'RE CALLED
ALREADY!

I KNOW,
I'VE LOOKED
INTO THE FUTURE
—AND EVEN WHEN
NOT THERE!



WILL YOU
LET GO OF THAT?
IF I'M RIGHT,
WE CAN SAVE THE
FUTURE!

AND IF YOU'RE
WRONG, WE'RE
DEAD...OR
WORSE!!



WE DON'T HAVE
TIME FOR
GUESSES!
AT ANY TIME
WE COULD ALL
—MY ARM
IS

HARRY'S
MULTIPROPOSE
TO MEET!



HELP!
HELP!



DO
SOMETHING!
BECAUSE THIS
IS ALL YOUR
FAULT!



HARRY
THE POOR
SOUL...



WELL,
I GUESS THAT
ALLEGORIST
THE WHOLE
PROBLEM...

WARRIOR
WE CAN WORK ON
THE SOLUTION—
WITHOUT ALL HIS
BELLBOGGING!

LET'S GET
BACK TO IT,
SHALL WE?

"Let's see what our two million got us!"

TEACHING DOWN
APPROXIMATELY IN
SALMON CITY'S
WHEATLEY
INTERNATIONAL
AIRPORT.

TELL
US AGAIN WHY
WE'RE TRAVELLING
LIKE ANIMALS.
PAGE 10

WE'RE IN CHRYSLER, AND BECAUSE THE COMET IS STILL WINTER FOR AMERICA... AND THERE'S MORE TO THE BLACK HOOD

BRANDS FACE
SHOULD I WEAR
I DON'T KNOW
BUT I CAN
TALK TO YOU
ABOUT IT

SPENDING ON WHICH
THE COURT IS WAITING
FOR KILLING FROM
COMMONS. MAYBE
YOU SHOULD WEAR A
DIFFERENT COLOR SHIRT



九九九
 九九
 九九九

That was still so close to the edge: I hoped I could keep him in check for good.

1. **Introduction**
 2. **Background**
 3. **Methodology**
 4. **Results**
 5. **Conclusion**
 6. **References**

THEY CATCHED
A BOAT TO GO
ALONG THE
TERRACE MARSH

"IT'S A HEAVY LITTLE JUNK, BUT IT'S HOME."

WELCOME...

NOW, THE POSTHOLE? TERRIFIC!

HOW DO YOU RECORD ALL THOSE CROOK-BARRING TRY BETTER THAN I REMEMBER?

NO, I GOT A STUCK TOP AND CAME IN ON THE JORDAN SUPER-CONDUCTOR.

SO MOBILE IS IT?

Cashed in big thanks to inside information from the Romanne men!

WHERE IS WHAT? THE BIG SCREEN TV?

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?

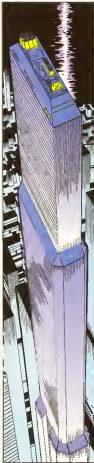
DON'T SHOW NO, CRY IF YOU WANT THE MICH BOLD ON STAIRS AND STUFF...

I FIGURE YOU HAVE SOME AWESOME BLACK HOOD BEAR STAMPER HERE SOMEWHERE. SOME AND BLIND, I HEARD, WHO KNOWS...

MAYBE EVEN SOMETHING YOU CAN HANDLE ME?







DC UNIVERSE

LUTHOR FILLS THE VOID

He's ^{Lex}

Luthor the Second, a young, attractive billionaire who heads the largest institutional conglomerate in the United States of America. She's Supergirl, a glib-tongued babe of psychoplasm who can change the course of mighty rivers—as well as her own appearance.

This is their story!

They've been an item for several months—since the *Planet of the Sky*, to be exact—and they're forging a stronger bond now that the challenge to "fill the void" left in Metropolis has fallen to them with the sudden passing of Superman. In an attempt to bring his company's security force, *Team Luthor*, to the forefront of Metropolis's sanctioned defenders, Lex Luthor II himself leaps into action alongside the shape-shifting visitor from another universe.



Acclaimed creative personnel from the still-dead *SUPERMAN* titles (Roger Stern, Jackson Guice, Louise Simonson, Denis Rodier and Dennis Janke) are joined by June Brigman in showing the hard-strong young Luthor that inspiring tall buildings is a single bound ain't as easy as it looks!



THE
REAL
DEAL!

Or is he?

DC BULLETS

Congratulations to **GREEN LANTERN** Editor Kevin Dooley on his engagement to former DC Marketing Goddess and present Marvelite Tammy Brown. Kevin popped the question on New Year's Day over desert. Boy, talk about ringing in the new year!



Did you know that Brian Augustyn, editor of the *JUSTICE LEAGUE* titles, was the model for the cover of *THE UNAUTHORIZED BIOGRAPHY OF LEX LUTHOR*? Brian posed as he was painted by Eric Peterson, brother of *TITANS* editor Jonathan Peterson. The two of them are not related to *GREEN ARROW* editor Scott Peterson.

Kevin Weir told that we won't photograph. When *VALLOR* penciller MD Bright was stuck for a cover sketch for *VALLOR* #4, someone came to his rescue: Assistant Editor Eddie Bergman and Helen Diaz posed for the shot of Lobo fighting Valer. In case you can't tell which one was which,



FLASH writer Mark Waid came within inches of being packed to be a contributor on "You Set Your Lute." Unfortunately, Mark was beaten out by the blood-refrigerator regurgitant. Sorry, Mark, comic-book writing isn't in the high-risk category—unless you're laid on your current deadline.



WELL, INVESTIGATOR, I BELIEVE MURDOFFS GOING TO BE LATE... SWEETIE!

AND DON' MICKY, I'LL BE SOBER BY MORNING, HEE...

HEY, BABY, SORRY I'M LATE...

SHE, SLEEPING. THANK GODDAMN YOU'RE HOME. I WAS SO WORRY--

THE NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF THE GIRL ON THE TRAIN

THERE'S NO REASON FOR YOU TO WORRY, BABE... THE JOBS WORKING OUT FINE.

WELL, THEN, EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE... OKAY, ISN'T IT?

IT'S BETTER
THAN DEAK
BART...

...IT'S
WONDERFUL.



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